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guilders and ducats; also of a striking clock and a nunnery.

Anachronisms, or, more correctly speaking, blunders, have been made by painters of celebrity, which upon the "living canvas" appear more palpable than those made by authors upon paper. Some of these transcend the simply ridiculous; they border closely upon the grotesque.

Tintoret, an Italian painter, in a picture of the children of Israel, gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the Infant Saviour, and as aged men in these days wear spectacles, the artist has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick, the lookers-on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or rather to exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the wise men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice, and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the Child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch's "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scriptures inform us, he is represented as using a more effectual and modern instrument. He is holding to Isaac's head a *blunderbuss*. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp of the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine. A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper, with the table ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar-lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the Garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

A NIGHT IN A SCHOOLROOM.

Ah, my friend, I am fast sliding back into that ocean of dreams and fancies which the firm hand of the world had nearly pulled me from.

Like an unladen spirit I wander around through these mountain dells and forests, and from them into the empty chambers and musty rooms of these old houses. With eager delight I brush the dust from tattered books and yellow manuscripts, and instead of going to church after the manner of my Christian ancestors, I lay on my back in the shade of pines and float out of the present into a past, age—an age purple and fragrant with sweet memorial names and magnificent with heroic lines and saintly lights.

The other day I found an old copy of Dante and carried it to my "Temple of Learning," where I unrighteously stole time from my tasks to lose myself in the glories of the *Divina Commedia*.

I have brought me a large cloak that saw service

fifty years ago, but is still quite respectable. In this I fancy myself a Spanish Caballero, and doubt not when I meet Beatrice, (of whom more anon) that she is some Saracen maid.

A week ago to-night it stormed, and I sent the children home, concluding to wait myself and see if the rain would not abate, so that I could walk my two miles without becoming an autediluvian, for I am convinced from the quantities of rain that fell that it was a second flood.

At the end of the hour it was worse than before, and I determined to stay all night at the school-house. There was plenty of wood, and I might, with a very little stretch of imagination, fancy myself a belated traveller in a ruined castle, with the fortunate difference that ruined castles often leak, while my schoolhouse did not.

It was fast growing dark, and I went diligently to work to fasten every window and door, after which I made a splendid fire in the great stove, and then bringing up my chair and desk piled with books (not forgetting my precious Dante) threw open the stove door and sat down in the brilliant light with a comfortable feeling of home and comfort; true I had no supper, but the remains of my dinner made quite a respectable repast, and as I ate I imagined myself the belated traveller of G. P. R. James more than ever.

Supper finished and the waiter dismissed, I put more wood in the stove and then took up my books. Never did I read with such delight; the characters that lived in the almost inspired pages, stepped forth, and I seem to see them flitting softly through the gloom and shine around me. At last I closed my book gently and paced the floor for almost an hour. As I walked the lonely Larua and the saintly Beatrice glided at my side, and in the black shadow in the corner I saw the pale face and solemn eyes of Dante.

Instead of the rough pineboards I seemed to thread the moonlight streets of Florence, and then to sit with Petrarch in the church at Avignon—to hear with him the thunder of the organ and see the face of the noble wife of Hugh de Sade.

Full of these fancies I lay down at last on two benches which I drew in front of the fire, and wrapping myself in my cloak endeavoured to sleep; but sleep was only a continuation of my waking thoughts with new editions. I seemed to be surrounded with shadowy figures; at one time I had "a dream within a dream," of awaking and seeing the face of Douglas Jerrold bending over me, not brilliant with sarcasm and glowing with convivial joy, but sad and pale as he must have looked many a time in his villa at Putney, when he had not wherewithal to pay for the clothes he wore nor the food he ate.

And a little later in the night I seemed to see a group of three standing at the foot of my wooden bed; a man and two female shapes, that stood with sadly averted heads. I knew the face of the man to be Swift, and studied it closely with the reflection that I might never see him again. At last he turned and spoke to his companions, and then I saw with pitying eyes that they were that Stella and Wanessa to whom the world has given the tender remembrance which the object of their faithful love denied them.

At last morning broke in the East; through the East; through the uncurtained windows the arrows of crimson light struck clearly and awoke me. I could not sleep in the presence of the glorious pageant that filled the East, and so spent a pro-

fitable hour in gazing out of the window; I say profitable because in that hour the unspoiled freshness of youth came back to me, and I saw with loving eyes the beauty of that earth I adored in my early days. Alas, that the world should have power to transform men into what they are! Alas, that those whose youthful feet have stood on the threshold of the temple of truth should suffer themselves to fall back among the scheming crowd, and lose an eternity of heavenly peace for a few years of earthly strife and triumph.

Do not imagine that I would counsel the life of a hermit or the seclusion of a monk from worldly affairs. No, fight I say, if it please you, but for God's sake don't let it be on the side of the Philistines; rather be a David courageously slaying the Goliath of corruption and wickedness.

But I am positively moralising—are you not astonished? Adieu!

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

FRANCESCO RAIBOLINI, CALLED IL FRANCO.

Born 1450, died 1517.

There existed throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a succession of painters in Bologna, known in the history of Italian art as the *early Bolognese school*, to distinguish it from the *later school*, which the Carracci founded in the same city—a school altogether dissimilar in spirit and feeling. The chief characteristic of the former was the fervent piety and devotion of its professors. In the *sentiment* of their works they resembled the Umbrian school, but the *manner* of execution is different. One of these early painters, Lippo (or Filippo) di Dalmasio, was so celebrated for the beauty of his Madonnas, that he obtained the name of *Lippo della Madonna*. He greatly resembled the Frate Angelico in life and character, but was inferior as an artist. To his heads of the Virgin he gave an expression of saintly beauty, purity, and tenderness, which two hundred years later excited the admiration and emulation of Guido. Lippo died about 1409. Passing over some other names, we come to that of the greatest painter of the Bologna school, FRANCESCO RAIBOLINI.

He was born in 1450; being just four years younger than his contemporary Perugino. Like many other painters of that age, already mentioned, he was educated for a goldsmith, and learned to design and model correctly. Francesco's master in the arts of working in gold and niello was a certain Francia, whose name, in affectionate gratitude to his memory, he afterwards adopted, signed it on his pictures, and is better known by it than by his own family name. Up to the age of forty, Francesco Francia pursued his avocation of goldsmith, and became celebrated for the excellence of his workmanship in chasing gold and silver, and the exquisite beauty and taste of his niellos. He also excelled in engraving dies for coins and medals, and was appointed superintendent of the mint in his native city of Bologna, which office he held till his death.

We are not told how the attention of Francia was first directed to the art of painting. It is said that the sight of a beautiful picture by Perugino awakened the dormant talent; that he learned